



THE IRISH TENNANT FARMERS LAMENT  
FROM  
EVICTED FROM HIS NATIVE HOME

All you that sympathise with poor old Ireland  
And its destitute inhabitants pray for a moment stand  
The evictions trials & hardships I mean to let you know  
Which befall in Donegall on poor Patt Roe

CHORUS—

So now kind friends just listen to my Irish tale of woe  
Cause'd by the Agents vengeance upon poor Patt Roe

For forty years industriously I struggled very nigh  
From early dawn till sunset my brow was never dry  
To dig to plough or harrow to set to reap or mow  
Hard work was only pleasure to you poor Patt Roe

Once I had a thriving farm could sit down at my ease  
Besides a well fill'd barn that yearly increase  
Untill high rents & taxes brought me to grief & woe  
So cast upon the wide wide world was poor Patt Roe

Then at length I got into arrears not able for to stand  
For to purchase seed to cultivate my little bit of land  
My crops the fail'd my door was nail'd say's the landlord you  
must go  
To the poor house for non payment of rent went poor Patt Roe

When I saw my cabin level'd where first I drew my breath  
And my children crying round me unto me it was second death  
My brain it reel'd I stagger'd fell & cry'd where will you go  
For shelter with your family now poor Patt Roe

For two days we have been fasting after we left our home  
Like pilgrims through the world not knowing where to roam,  
At last to the union we were compell'd to go  
For shelter with your family now Patt Roe

My wife died broken-hearted when she found we were exile'd  
When I think of her departure with grief I near go wild  
And often down my furrow'd cheeks the bring tears do flow  
For her that's dead who in youth was wed to poor Patt Roe,

Now to conclude these verses I hope the day's near hand  
When the struggling tenant farmer can enjoy both house &  
land,  
And may the Irish peasantry neither want or misery know,  
Is the heart felt wish & prayer for all of poor Patt Roe